# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

*Associate Editors*

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

## Overworking Misery

*By* JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

## The Story of My Experiments with Truth

*Part II Chapter VII. By* M. K. GANDHI

## Annie Besant—Part II

*By* JAMES WALDO FAWCETT

VOLUME XCVIII NUMBER 9

Chicago, November 1, 1926

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

# UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, EDITOR IN CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

UNITY Fellowship

FRANK C. DOAN
CHARLES F. DOLE
ZONA GALE
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
H. R. MUSSEY
FRANCIS NEILSON
EDMUND H. REEMAN
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Managing Editor
EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
JENKIN LL. JONES, Janesville. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati.
J. C. LEARNED, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO

Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agents
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
GEO. W. COOKE, Grand Haven, Mich. - "Notes and News."

Editorial Contributors

W. Waldemar W. Argow
Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Percy M. Dawson
James Waldo Fawcett
David Starr Jordan
George Saranton
Anna Garlin Spencer
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
James H. West

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—Charles Strong
AUSTRIA—Stefan Zweig
BULGARIA—F. M. Matthéeff
CANADA—Sidney Snow
CHINA—Gilbert Reid
ENGLAND—Fred Hankinson
Walter Walsh
FRANCE—G. Demartial
Romain Rolland
GERMANY—Theodor Hahn
INDIA—Rabindranath Tagore
ITALY—Guglielmo Lusidi
JAPAN—Nobuichiro Imaoha
RUSSIA—Alina Huebach

UNITY PUBLISHING Co., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

*"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"*

*Announcement*

Part II

OF GANDHI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

began in this magazine on

September 20th

GANDHI'S RETURN TO INDIA
HIS LAW PRACTISE
BEGINNING OF HIS PUBLIC CAREER
and
THE GREAT STORY OF SOUTH AFRICA

*Subscribe Now!* *Renew Now!*

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
700 Oakwood Boulevard
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find $3.00, for which
(a) Enter my subscription for one year from date, or
(b) Renew my subscription for one year from date of expiration.

Name .....

Address .....

## *Contents*

EDITORIAL— Page

Notes ..... 131
Overworking Misery—JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE 133
Jottings.—J. H. H. ..... 135
Editorial Correspondence: German Notes—THEODOR HAHN ..... 135

ARTICLES—

War—*Voltaire* ..... 131
The Story of My Experiments with Truth—Part II, Chapter VII. Samples of Experiences—M. K. GANDHI ..... 137
Non-Violence—The Greatest Force—*M. K. Gandhi* ..... 138
An Autumn Reverie—ARGOW ..... 138
Annie Besant—Part II—JAMES WALDO FAWCETT ..... 139

POETRY—

Seaside Musings—AUBURTINE WOODWARD MOORE ..... 141

CORRESPONDENCE—

The Liquor Situation in Canada—The Facts!—MARIE J. ADAMS ..... 142
Daugherty, Newberry, and Now—EDWIN D. MEAD ..... 142
"Yield with Love"—C. G. ARNOLD ..... 142

THE FIELD—

Platform of the Commonwealth Land Party ... 143

# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVIII MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1926 NUMBER 9

**WAR**

**War is the greatest of all crimes, and yet there is no aggressor who does not color his crime with the pretext of justice. . . . It is forbidden to kill; therefore all murderers are punished unless they kill in large numbers and to the sound of trumpets. . . . It is more likely mankind have corrupted nature, for they were not born wolves, and they have become wolves; God has given them neither cannon of four-and-twenty pounders, nor bayonets; and yet they have made cannon and bayonets to destroy one another.** —*Voltaire.*

---

The political campaign is raging throughout the country as these lines are written, election day will be at hand as they are printed, results will be known as they are read. Well, it's a colorful drama, and the newspapers are publishing miles of stories about it, but we can't for the life of us seem to get excited. Nor can we seem to find anybody else, outside the professional politicians, who is excited. Republican? Democrat? which is which? where's the difference between them? Both parties are equally corrupt, serve equally the same selfish money interests, hold exactly the same opinions upon fundamental questions. Issues?—there are none, except local squabbles and partisan rivalries. Candidates?—there are none of any consequence—just the usual array of little men used by political machines and tooted by newspapers for hidden purposes. There's a great how-de-do over buying votes, dishonest primaries, etc. But they're all in it; Brennan and Vare are two bites of the same rotten pippin. Prohibition is hotly debated on the hustings—but the 18th Amendment is not going to be repealed, nor the Volstead Act changed; southern Democrats and mid-western Republicans will see to that. The World Court, the League of Nations?—dead as last week's kittens! It's a farce—the whole election business in this country—a great, big, howling, dirty farce. And the best of it is, the people know it and, increasingly, are refusing to take our politicians seriously any longer. The healthiest sign in America today is the refusal of men and women to go to the polls and play the silly game. This is the first stage of revolt—that silent sulking, that cynical distrust, that smoldering anger, which invariably precedes an outbreak. A little later will come the eruption—a rising of an outraged people to take possession once again of their government, and use it for purposes of public good.

The long-awaited trial of Harry M. Daugherty and his associate in suspicious transactions is ended. Unless it is decided to do it all over again. As this is written that question has not been settled. Anent the event the New York *Times* published an editorial under the heading, "A Perfect Criminal Trial," which should be reprinted in every newspaper in the land, where it might come under the eye of every lawyer. Lawyers ought to know what the layman thinks about current legal procedure. Apparently they do not now know. As the *Times* remarks, the lawyers appear to believe this particular trial a triumphant success. "The presiding judge declared that he had never known a finer criminal case better conducted." Laymen do not agree. The *Times* expresses their dissent incisively. "The result of the long and costly effort by the Government was a deadlock, leaving everything just where it was, legally. Hence the intense satisfaction of all the legal minds involved." Laymen are far from sharing this satisfaction. The public does not see the humor of the Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce methods of lawyer sport. The public pays the bills. But that is not the final indictment of this legalized puttering. The public is well assured that Mr. Daugherty was in some way identified with an outrageous piece of rascality. The legal agencies of society have apparently never been eager to expose this outrage, and purge the reputation of government. Apparently lawyers would like to see this sort of thing go on. It furnishes such wonderful opportunity for judicial finesse! Laymen are beginning to wonder if their assumed guardians of justice are not instead the breeders and instigators of crime. The *Times* expresses the layman's disgust in the matter of this particular incident when it points out that the accused's own lawyer refused to allow the defendant to be subjected to cross-examination since there would thus have been "uncovered shameful things done under cover in Washington." Our legal jugglers are doing their utmost, apparently, to undermine the popular confidence in government. The enginery of "justice" is employed to keep us all in the dark about what goes on at the seat of highest government. This is not complimentary to lay intelligence, to say the least for it. The *Times* adds,

> The public will know how to draw the proper inference. All that came out in the trial will make sensitive Americans desire to walk backward with averted gaze from the hu-

miliating scenes at the national capital when "the Ohio gang" was having everything its own way.

Verily American society has paid dearly for its debauch of normalcy. And it is destined to pay still further, for the reign of the Ohio Gang was not merely an incident. It is the symptom of a disease. However it may appear that the gang has been ousted, its influence is not spent. When such rascality transpired there were rascals somewhere about. If those apprehended are not the true rascals, who are they? Those directing our machinery of justice do not appear interested in that question. They only delight in working up "beautiful cases" and in attempting to demonstrate that problems of crime are insoluble. It would be convenient to set this incident down as indictment of certain particularly named criminals. The lawyers have prevented that. It would be only little more embarrassing to let it pass as a reflection upon a few dead men and a particular gang assumed to have been driven out of public office. It is impossible to pass it off as the indictment of a particular political party. Leaders of the highest influence and broadest powers are still dependent upon the protection of their party's repute. The indictment reaches farther still, and is more sweeping. In lending themselves to such jugglery the entire legal profession is brought under indictment. In covering up such rascality lawyers expose themselves and their guild principles. Are such methods the final expression of the lawyer's conception of justice? Is this the way to guard the people's institutions? One of two issues must ensue. The people will lose faith in their government and its legalized institutions, or they will repudiate and thrust out of their office a profession which perpetrates and countenances such outrages. If the people fail in the latter they will inevitably yield to the former. If the legal profession will not or cannot reform itself, and the legal procedure which it now so absolutely dominates, reform will be effected by measures which it will scare no one to have lawyers call radical. Self-respecting society cannot survive present legal procedure.

---

Now it is Major-General Clarence R. Edwards, United States Army, retired, commander of the 26th Division in the World War, who tells the American Legion that they are the rulers of the nation, and must save it from the insidious conspiracies of the pacifists. A little while ago it was Secretary MacNider who was declaring that only the man who fought had any right to govern, and, more particularly, any right to decide questions of war and peace. Now comes this gallant officer to bid the Legionaries "to smother with the exercise of your franchise" these propagandists who have "infringed on the personal liberty guaranteed by our Constitution." (We are trying hard to make out what this last phrase means, but up to the hour of going to press have not been able to gather the faintest idea.) General Edwards says twice in his speech, as reported in the New York newspapers, that he is "not scared." How could such a hero be "scared" at anything? Shucks, General, why intimate such a thing? Some people get "scared," you know, just by talking about it! But certainly Edwards presents a fearsome spectacle to our gaze. Just think of it—he says there are 1611 publications circulated in the United States (we think there are only 1609, but we will let this pass!), which spread abroad "the insidious poison (of) internationalism, brotherly love, 'no more war,' 'outlaw war,' 'peace and freedom,' 'industrial democracy.'" Isn't that just terrible? Do you wonder that this Major-General tells the Legionaries to "have your gas-masks ready" against such "hot air and gas" as this? We can't imagine any of the American Legion being able to live in such an atmosphere, and we understand, therefore, the General's solicitude. But what about the rest of us? We realize that, in a country inhabited by Legionaries, the rest of us don't count for much more than fleas and such like vermin. But we may be pardoned, perhaps, the instinct of self-preservation. And, from this viewpoint, should *we* not have gas-masks too? For there is such a thing as laughing gas. There's more of it in General Edwards' speech than we ever saw before. So—give us masks, *masks*, lest we laugh ourselves to death!

---

Here is an impressive tale, dear friends! When Professor Harry Elmer Barnes' book, "The Genesis of the World War," appeared fresh from the publisher, it did not appear on the shelves of the Brookline (Mass.) Public Library. Thereupon the Library authorities were asked to procure the book as an important work by a great scholar which had large interest, and they replied that in their opinion there would not be demand enough for the book to warrant buying it. Then Mr. Frederick Schrader, editor of *The Progressive*, purchased a copy of Barnes' book and sent it to Rev. Henry W. Pinkham, a citizen of Brookline, to present to the Library as a gift. Mr. Pinkham now reports that the volume was returned to him with the words:

The Trustees are unwilling to accept this book for the Library as a gift from Mr. Schrader, and they are of the opinion that it is not expedient to buy the book for the Library.

It may be well to remember that Professor Barnes' book is not a piece of propaganda but a sober work of history which has received international attention and approval. The author is a prominent member of the faculty of Smith College, honored everywhere by scholarly men. The exclusion of such a book by such a man from the shelves of a public library constitutes, to our mind, a betrayal of public trust. If these Trustees controlled the faculties of our colleges, as they control their library in Brookline, Professor Barnes would not be allowed to teach. If they controlled the

book publishing houses, as they control their library, his writings would not be allowed to appear in print. If they controlled the New York *Times,* the Springfield *Republican, Current History,* the *Christian Century* and other journals to which Professor Barnes has contributed, as they control their library, he would not be allowed to bear testimony in any paper or magazine. These Trustees have a perfect right to live in darkness if they so desire, but as public officials they have no right to deny other people the light. Such men belong in Mussolini's Italy, not in America.

---

Time was and that not so long ago when growing old appeared to us a personal tragedy poignantly sad and somehow brutally tragic. But recently we have exercised our right to revise our opinion, and the result is not at all terrifying. It depends upon *how* one grows old—the fact of being no longer young is not frightening in itself; it is the related ideas that set most of us trembling. We think of being useless, but Jenkin Lloyd Jones and Charles W. Eliot were not useless in their later years. We think of being dull, but Bernard Shaw is not dull. We think of being no longer courageous, but Anatole France was not lacking in bravery when as an old man he declared himself a Communist. We think of being no longer receptive to the influence of truth and beauty, but we remember Rodin and Fabre. We think of being painfully conservative or reactionary, but Georg Brandes and Luther Burbank, Eugene V. Debs and Bishop Brown, rebuke our fear. We think of being weary, tired out, but Thomas Hardy and Ellen Key prove that exhaustion is not necessarily the rule. We think of losing interest in life, but Edison and Chauncey Depew are just as active now as they were thirty years ago. We think of being no longer attractive, but we recall the charm of Bernhardt and Duse. We think of a thousand frailties and failings, defeats and losses; and then we remember a thousand men and women who with lovely dignity and grace accept the fact of the flight of years with quiet philosophy and go on living nobly in the glory of the setting sun, an army of examples of the art of being fine in every good sense, of being elder brothers and elder sisters loved by all who in turn will follow down the corridor of time into whatever other world there is beyond the door of death. Let us accept these teachers as our guides; young or old let us be artists in the ateliers of life.

---

## Overworking Misery

The Florida storm called forth a wealth of human sympathy. It likewise revealed anew our great American penchant for propaganda. First, the newspapers. Their managing editors have good reason to know that we all love sensations. If the reality is not strong enough they know how to touch it up a bit. Calamities are almost always overwrought in the first telling.

It was so in the case of the recent Florida storm. The many thousands of lives originally lost have been finally reduced to 370. The many millions of dollars of damage done to property have been cut down very greatly. The newspaper men knew we would want a tale full of horrors, so nothing available was omitted, and much was created.

Close upon the newspaper reporter follows the agent of the Red Cross. The Red Cross now has a reputation to sustain. It has done some very big things, and its present directors and agents are not disposed to be behind-hand in sustaining and adding to this enviable reputation. The Red Cross must not only spend money in relief, but it must raise it so that it can be spent. Naturally the greater the calamity appears the more appealing is the call for funds to relieve the sufferers. Agents of the Red Cross must get the money. It has an even greater incentive to "spread it on thick" than have the newspapers. Accordingly the reporters' tales rarely shrink or lose color in the appeals of the Red Cross.

And the sufferers themselves are the least blameworthy of all if they exaggerate their woes. Their first outcry is very likely to justify the tales which the newspapers and the relief agencies pass on to the public.

But calamity-mongering is not good business. People who contribute to the missionary cause do not often themselves move into the country or the neighborhood whither they send the missionaries. Those who support the city charities rarely establish their own residences in the slums. Multitudes laden with their millions have been trooping into Florida these several years past. The established business interests of Miami and the rest of the state have no notion of countenancing stories which tend to stop this immigration of men and money. The utmost to be expected from charity is but a pittance compared with the returns from the thriving business which Florida real estate promotors and merchants and hotel proprietors have been getting. Besides, there is business honor to consider. And business, even the most grasping, has a sense of honor which balks at charity.

It is not surprising therefore that the alert business-governor of the state, the business-mayor of the city of Miami, the chamber of commerce of Miami, and the representatives of Floridan business interests generally, have failed to see eye to eye with the ardent propagandists who would sell more copies of the newspapers and would enhance the repute of "greatest re-

lief agency in the world." There has been a sharp clash between the head of the Red Cross and the Governor of the state. Numerous pronouncements have been issued by commercial organizations designed to convince the public that Floridians have not suffered so severely as reported. A tropical storm is but the incident of a life-time. Indeed, no such storm may ever again pass that way. There have been none quite like it before. Florida is just as good a place as ever to go to and to spend money in. Indeed, it may be contended, it is better than ever. In the future the inhabitants may feel the more secure because the worst that can happen has already happened.

And now, bigger business than all these raises its voice. The railroads, many of them, have added enormously to their prosperity by the attractions of Florida. In particular the Seaboard Air Line has gained much from and has staked much more upon this bonanza land. When the storm broke, that line was laying the tracks on more than a hundred and fifty miles of new roadway in the territory affected. So, the president of the Seaboard Air Line, after personal and much official investigation, is moved to announce to the public "The Truth About Storm Damage in Florida." So important is this announcement, from the point of view of the railroad management, that it is spread in large type over an entire page of the newspaper, the space being paid for from the hard-won current profits of the railroad company.

In calm, measured statements designed not "to detract from the admirable service performed by the American Red Cross, nor to impede its collection of funds for the storm sufferers," this railroad official reduces all losses both of life and property to the most veracious minimum, reciting the verified facts for every considerable community where the winds blew and the rain fell.

Approaching his climax, he shows that this incident in Florida scarcely belongs in the same calamitous class with that which other regions have suffered, Baltimore and its fire, Chicago and its fire, and especially Texas and its Galveston storm, and California with its earthquakes. The reader feels that this meticulous recorder finds a peculiar satisfaction in his references to San Francisco, Santa Barbara, San Jose, "and other parts of California," all of which have been "visited by earthquakes with great monetary loss."

But the climacteric detail of this triumphant recital of "truth" about Florida conditions is set forth at the end, all in black-face type with occasional large-face lines. The public must not overlook the fact that the "Seaboard Railway Service" is the best ever, and that its "high-grade seasonal train service" is ready for business,—greater than usual. Do not fail to get aboard the "Orange Blossom Special," "The Seaboard Florida Limited," "The Seaboard All-Florida Special," any one or all of them! "And all these trains are in addition to the all-year-round and other service" of this enterprising public carrier, which pays wages to an army of working people and luscious dividends to its stock-holders.

None of us should miss the point. All of these agents and institutions are running true to form. We should account them individually something less than the glowing successes they are now recognized to be, if they did not say what they say and do what they do. This railroad is a hummer, and doubtless has a hummer of a president. Florida real estate and business promoters? Have they not but now proved themselves to be the wonder of even our hustling civilization? The Red Cross? Are not all Americans assured that it is quite the most wonderful thing which ever happened in its line? Who would have it less big-idead, less efficient, less able in amassing the prodigious sums lavished in its works of mercy? And the newspapers? They speak for themselves, and even envious foreigners admit that they are wonderful.

All this is simply our way. We seem to have settled down to a system of getting at the truth which consists in the utmost exaggeration which proponents on both sides conceive that they can get away with. Then we, the assumedly level-headed American public step up, discount the gross exaggerations on either side by each other, and thus arrive at the verities. We do this in almost all departments. We expect politicians to lie. That one who can do it most picturesquely is often the one chosen to office, where we keep him until an opponent develops a surpassing skill in this brilliant art.

All commercial advertising is more or less lie. The consuming public knows it and discounts all "ads." Even in religion we expect the preacher intemperately and over-emphatically to set forth his particular doctrine. All is propaganda. Education is, supremely, for the most part. The public school system is most highly prized by multitudes of patriots because it is commissioned to turn out real hundred per cent Americans, stuffed so full of propagandized history and geography and what not that they will never cease to believe that America and Americans are altogether *the* place and *the* people in all the earth.

Such incidents as this in Florida, where human misery is made the football of embattled forces of propaganda, should compel us to raise anew the question as to whether we have adopted anywhere a rational method of getting at the truth. Can truth really be got after this fashion? And can we be a free people until we know and sincerely follow the truth? If we cannot beat this sort of thing, how can we justify our reputation for ingenuity? This is muddling, sheer blundering. Misery can be assuaged, business done, religion propagated, souls saved, the truth glorified without resorting to all this flub-dub and buffoonery. Surely we can find the way!

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

## Jottings

We are not surprised to hear from India that Gandhi has shown no willingness to emerge from his retirement in answer to the appeal described in our columns last week. A vow with the Mahatma is a vow—a sacred thing! "It is still hoped," says our correspondent, "that Gandhi will take up the lead as soon as his vow of one year is ended."

---

The New York *World*, getting pretty tired evidently of all the Queen Marie nonsense, wants to know why the Roumanian Queen came to this country, anyhow. But if we are to ask searching questions, why not make them fundamental. Thus, why are queens, anyhow?

---

"Alexander the Great for President!" This was one of the banners lifted in St. Louis when the immortal baseball pitcher had completed his triumph in the world-series games. "Alexander the Great for President!" Well—we might do worse. Heaven knows, we actually *have* done much worse.

---

Over four million more automobiles will be on the roads of this country in 1927 than in 1926. This is the announcement joyfully ululated by the automobile manufacturers. A cheerful prospect—for the manufacturers! But who that thinks, and has no money stake in the business, can view such a prospect with anything but horror?

---

A certain political prisoner in this country was pronounced insane. Among the reasons for the diagnosis appeared the statement—"He believes in Socialism!" It all depends on the point of view, after all.

---

A book entitled 'The Perfect Fascist" has just appeared in Italy. It contains 87 maxims and 10 axioms, of which the following are specimens:

Maxim 15: Civilization is non-existent for you; Italianism is existent.
Maxim 20: If foreigners praise Gœthe, you think of Dante.
Maxim 84: For the Fascist the recent war was not the last but the first great war.
Axiom 2: Your bayonet and rifle are given you not to lie and rust but with a view to the next war.
Axiom 10: War is bread to a Fascist combatant.

It may be remembered that Italy is one of the countries which fought in the Great War "to end war!"

J. H. H.

---

## German Notes*

[Editorial Correspondence]

I

Germany has entered the League of Nations. This fact reacts in various ways on the different classes of society, both in Germany and elsewhere. But for the Germans, rich and poor alike, whether they be interested politically and economically or not, the entrance of their country into the League of Nations is of great portent. It is the entering of Germany into her old rights as a nation; she is no longer an outcast among the nations of the earth; she no longer stands outside of the door where nations are assembled to criticize or censure her. She is again one of them. This spiritual reaction is one that cannot be estimated too highly.

At the close of the war, Germany looked with hope and anticipation to Woodrow Wilson, the man who held, presumably, the reins of the war-chariot in his hands. The disappointment which followed the collapse not only of him to whom they had looked in vain, but even the collapse of the ideas he expressed, is easily understood and need not be discussed further. Still, in spite of this great overwhelming disappointment, the majority of Germans felt that what he had said should be taken at its face value, that his plans for the peace and for the League of Nations were not entirely to be cast aside. The entrance of Germany into the League of Nations proves that his utterances were not entirely in vain, that in spite of what may be said against his words and actions, or against the League, the plan which he evolved is yet to be taken seriously and indeed carried into effect. This, too, is cause for satisfaction in Germany. The citizens of the Republic feel that they were not so far wrong, after all, and that if the words of Woodrow Wilson be put into practice, many of the conditions under which they are now laboring will be lightened, if not overcome. The reaction of the German people to the entrance of their country into the League of Nations proves once more that the moral and spiritual significance of an act far exceeds any mere outer form.

II

There is much talk nowadays in the press of countries outside of Germany, calling attention to the fact that the youth of Germany is militaristic, monarchial and given to holding meetings that give evidence of such sentiments. Singularly enough, this display of

*Theodor Hahn, our German correspondent, was born in Heilbronn, Germany, in 1888. During his years of military service his convictions, which had been developing since childhood, became fixed in absolute pacifism. During this same year he was one of the founders of the Union of Blind Workers, which today furnishes employment in shop and home for some 200 members. For several years he was president of a local society for deaf-mutes. Mr. Hahn came to America in 1913, and remained till 1920. While here he became greatly interested in American religious life, especially the Community Church movement. His wife, an American, whom he married in this country, has done considerable translation work (the Gandhi sermon by Mr. Holmes, publications of the Unity Society, etc.). Since his return to Germany, Mr. Hahn has done much to acquaint his fellow-citizens with the best that is to be found in America. His interest in the statesmanship and ideals of Woodrow Wilson led to the publication of an important book, "Woodrow Wilson's *Wotre als Rechtfertigung der Revision des Versailler Vertrags.*"—Ed.

militaristic sentiment is witnessed very little by those living in Germany. There are, of course, conservative groups who hold meetings, have parades and give vent to their disapproval of a democratic form of government, but they do not represent the majority. Unfortunately, their activities are widely heralded in the press, while the more quiet groups, those who devote what free time they have to strengthening the New Republic, receive little mention.

It was very refreshing, therefore, to share in the celebration of Verfassungstag (Constitution Day) held in Nürnberg in August by the organization known as the Reichsbanner Schwarzrotgold (Flag of the Empire, black, red, gold). This organization consists of members (in the main participants in the late war) of the three political parties who endorsed the constitution at Weimar, the Catholic party of the center, the Democrats and the Socialists. The purpose of the organization is to support and uphold the new republic. They are organized under the new official flag of Germany, black, red and gold, having discarded the old German colors, black, white and red.

For the Nürnberg meeting special trains emptied their thousands and tens of thousands of young men into this quaint old city, and were duly met by local groups and escorted to their lodgings. Upon the square in front of the depot a huge sign-board had been erected bearing the words from the new constitution: "The German Empire is a republic." Think what this means in a country with the monarchial tradition of Germany and what significance such a sign has in an old walled town in Bavaria! As the new-comers passed through the streets, the greeting "Freundschaft" (Friendship) echoed and reechoed, this greeting that holds so much promise for today and so much hope for the future. What greeting could be finer and more noble than this "Friendship"? The groups that came from the North and the South, from Austria, from districts of Germany still occupied by foreign military forces,—all had one greeting, all had one wish—friendship with their fellow-Germans, friendship with all those who share their aims. A torch-light procession, which required over an hour to pass a single point, was very impressive. Those old venerable houses which had witnessed the parading of the Guilds in the Middle Ages again witnessed the parading of the youth of this age, different in dress, different in occupation, but with the same song in their hearts: Friendship! It was estimated that about 100,000 men took part in the parade and their way was literally paved with flowers which the cheering crowds threw at them as they passed.

Many members of the Austrian Protective League also came to the celebration in Nürnberg. This organization was founded at the time of the Revolution by men who belonged to the Council of Soldiers and Workers, with the purpose of putting down counter revolutions from either the extreme right or extreme left. It is significant to note that the Austrian Socialists have recently set up a new program, which thinks out to its conclusion the principles of Bolshevism and of the English Labor Party and adjusts itself to the changed conditions, both political and economic, since the World War. In this program is included the desire to annex Austria to Germany and to stand for a true League of Nations.

The convention in Nürnberg lasted three days and wherever members of the various groups met, or when Germans passed Austrians on the street, the greeting "Freundschaft" was given with warmth and spirit. What a wonderful greeting for one nation to give another! It is inspiring, in recalling that as recently as 1866 these two nations fought against each other, that the time may not be very far distant when other nations will greet one another with the word "Friendship."

In the course of his address the former Premier of Austria, Renner, remarked that the Weimar Constitution is the most perfect constitution of any now existing, because it is not only a political constitution, but a social one as well. He added that the Democrats of the West, who are regarded as models of a republican form of government, are today strongly under the influence of plutocracy; in the East they are under the yoke of a dictatorship, while in the South Fascicism holds sway. The Weimar Constitution contains the program for the social structure of economic life.

III

After a serious illness the returning strength is evidenced in an increasing interest in the surroundings and a desire to take part once more in the activities of these surroundings. So, too, in the life of a nation. Germany has gone through a serious illness, an operation, one might say, and is slowly recuperating. The many exhibits, the festival plays, the musical festivities, show that she is indeed gaining in strength and is again taking an interest in things other than those that pertain to her full recovery. The urge for creative effort is evidenced at every hand. And this creative effort is finding expression in splendid ways. It seems as though a great wave had passed over Germany, awakening her to a sense of the imperishable things she still possesses, old historic towns, romantic ruins of an age that is past, literary treasures that must be revived, musical riches that have long lain forgotten in dusty manuscripts. The youth of the country, those undaunted "Wandervögel" sing quaint old melodies that are experiencing a rebirth, and the plays that these groups perform in wooded grottos or moss-covered stone quarries take the auditor back to the days of the Crusades, of Knighthood, of the Guilds, and of the Reformation. The festival plays which were held in the ruins of the Castle of Heidelberg, among them "Midsummer Night's Dream" (for the Germans never ceased giving Shakespeare plays, even in the heat of the war) show the ingenuity and creative ability of the German spirit. Many visitors from the United States have had the opportunity this summer to take part in this new awakening of the German people. Those who attended performances of old resurrected plays were impressed with the depth of feeling contained in the simple lines; those who visited the big exhibits like the Gesolei at Düsseldorf and the Frankfurter Messe realized what progress technical endeavor is making; those who heard music, both old and modern, at the various music festivals, felt again that Germany is indeed the land of music and melody. During the years of the war, when each family tried to raise its own vegetables in a little patch of ground, valuable experience was gathered regarding agricultural pursuits. This year the many gardening and floral exhibits, especially the one in Dresden, gave the results of this intensive gardening. This is another instance of the recuperation of Germany.

THEODOR HAHN.

# The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

PART II—CHAPTER VII

## Samples of Experiences

The Port of Natal is Durban, also known as Port Natal. Abdulla Seth was there to receive me. As the ship arrived at the quay, and I watched the people coming on board to meet their friends, I observed that the Indians were not held in much respect. I could not fail to notice a sort of snobbishness about the manner in which those who knew Abdulla Seth behaved towards him, and it stung me. Abdulla Seth had got used to it. Those who looked at me did so with a certain amount of curiosity. My dress marked me out from other Indians. I had a frock coat and a turban, an imitation of the Bengal *pugree*.

I was taken to the firm's quarters and shown into the room set apart for me, next to Abdulla Seth's. He did not understand me, I could not understand him. He read the papers his brother had sent through me and felt more puzzled. He thought his brother had sent him a white elephant. My style of dress and living struck him as being expensive, like that of the Europeans. There was no particular work then which could be given me. Their case was going on in the Transvaal. There was no meaning in sending me there immediately. And how far could he trust my ability and honesty? He would not be in Pretoria to watch me. The defendants were in Pretoria, and, for aught he could say, they might bring undue influence to bear on me. And if work in connection with the case in question was not to be entrusted to me, what work could I be given to do, as all other work could be done much better by his clerks. The clerks could be brought to book, if they did wrong. Could I be, if I also happened to err? So if no work in connection with the case could be given me, I should have to be kept for nothing.

Abdulla Seth was practically unlettered, but he had a rich fund of experience. He had an acute intellect and was conscious of it. By practice he had picked up just sufficient English for conversational purposes, but that served him for carrying on all his business—whether it was dealing with bank managers and European merchants or explaining his case to his counsel. The Indians held him in very high esteem. His firm was then the biggest, or at any rate one of the biggest, of the Indian firms. With all these advantages he had one disadvantage—he was by nature suspicious.

He was proud of Islam and loved to discourse on Islamic philosophy. Though he did not know Arabic, his acquaintance with the Holy Koran and Islamic literature in general was fairly good. Illustrations he had in plenty, always ready at hand. Contact with him gave me a fair amount of practical knowledge of Islam. When we came closer to each other, we had long discussions on religious topics.

On the second or third day of my arrival, he took me to see the Durban Court. There he introduced me to several people and seated me next to his attorney. The Magistrate kept staring at me and finally asked me to take off my turban, which I refused to do, and left the court.

So here too there was fight in store for me.

Abdulla Seth explained to me why some Indians were required to take off their turbans. Those wearing the Mussulman costume might, he said, keep their turbans on, but the other Indians on entering a Court had to take theirs off as a rule.

I must enter into some details to make this nice distinction intelligible. In the course of these two or three days, I could see that Indians were divided into different groups. One was that of Mussulman merchants, who call themselves "Arabs." Another was that of Hindu and Parsi clerks. The Hindu clerks were neither here nor there, unless they cast in their lot with the "Arabs." The Parsi clerks would call themselves Persians. These three classes had some social relations with one another. But by far the largest class was that composed of Tamil, Telugu and North Indian indentured and freed laborers. The indentured laborers were those who went to Natal on an agreement to serve for five years, and came to be known there as *girmitiyas* from *grimit* which was the corrupt form of the English word "agreement." The other three classes had none but business relations with this class. Englishmen called them "coolies," and as the majority of Indians were of the laboring class, all Indians were called "coolies," or "samis." "Sami" is a Tamil suffix occurring after many Tamil names, and it is nothing else than the Sanskrit *Swami*, meaning a master. Whenever therefore an Indian resented being addressed as a *"sami"* and had enough wit in him, he would try to return the compliment in this wise: "You may call me *sami* but you forget that *sami* means a master. I am not your master!" Some Englishmen would wince at this, while some would get angry, swear at the Indian and, if there was a chance, would even belabor him; for, *"sami"* to him, was nothing better than a term of contempt. To interpret it to mean a master amounted to an insult!

I was hence known as a "coolie barrister." The merchants were known as "coolie merchants." The original meaning of the word "coolie" was thus forgotten and it became a common appellation for all Indians. The Mussulman merchant would resent this and say: "I am not a coolie, I am an Arab," or "I am a merchant," and the Englishman, if courteous, would apologize to him.

The question of wearing the turban had a great importance in this state of things. Taking off one's Indian turban would be pocketing an insult. So I thought I had better bid good-bye to the Indian turban and begin wearing an English hat, which would save me from the insult and the unpleasant controversy.

But Abdulla Seth disapproved of the proposal. He said, "If you do anything of the kind, it will have a very bad effect. You will compromise those insisting on wearing Indian turbans. And an Indian turban sits well on your head. If you wear an English hat you will pass for a waiter."

There was practical wisdom, patriotism, and a little bit of narrowness in this advice. The wisdom was apparent, and he would not have insisted on the Indian turban except out of patriotism: the slighting reference to the waiter betrayed a kind of narrowness. Amongst the indentured Indians there were three classes—Hin-

dus, Mussulmen, and Christians. The last were the children of indentured Indians who became converts to Christianity. Even in 1893 their number was large. They wore the English costume and the majority of them earned their living by service as waiters in hotels. Abdulla Seth's criticism of the English hat was with reference to this class. It was considered demeaning to serve as a waiter in a hotel. The belief persists even today among many. On the whole I liked Abdulla Seth's advice. I wrote to the press about the incident in the court and defended the wearing of my turban in the court. The question was very much discussed in the papers which described me as an "unwelcome visitor." Thus the incident gave me an unexpected advertisement in South Africa within a few days of my arrival there. Some supported me, and some severely criticized my temerity.

My turban stayed with me practically until the end of my stay in South Africa. Exactly when and why I left off wearing any head-dress at all in South Africa we shall see later.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai*)

## Non-Violence—The Greatest Force

Non-violence is the greatest force man has been endowed with. Truth is the only goal he has. For God is none other than Truth. But Truth cannot be, never will be reached except through non-violence.

That which distinguishes man from all other animals is his capacity to be non-violent. And he fulfills his mission only to the extent that he is non-violent and no more. He has no doubt many other gifts. But if they do not subserve the main purpose—the development of the spirit of non-violence in him—they but drag him down lower than the brute, a status from which he has only just emerged.

The cry for peace will be a cry in the wilderness, so long as the spirit of non-violence does not dominate millions of men and women.

An armed conflict between nations horrifies us. But the economic war is no better than an armed conflict. This is like a surgical operation. An economic war is prolonged torture. And its ravages are no less terrible than those depicted in the literature on war properly so-called. We think nothing of the other because we are used to its deadly effects.

Many of us in India shudder to see blood spilled. Many of us resent cow slaughter, but we think nothing of the slow torture through which by our greed we put our people and cattle. But because we are used to this lingering death we think no more about it.

The movement against war is sound. I pray for its success. But I cannot help the gnawing fear that the movement will fail, if it does not touch the root of all evil—man's greed.

Will America, England and the other great nations of the West continue to exploit the so-called weaker or uncivilized races and hope to attain peace that the whole world is pining for? Or will Americans continue to prey upon one another, have commercial rivalries and yet expect to dictate peace to the world?

Not till the spirit is changed, can the form be altered. The form is merely an expression of the spirit within. We may succeed in seemingly altering the form but the alteration will be a mere make believe, if the spirit within remains unalterable. A whited sepulchre still conceals beneath it the rotting flesh and bone.

Far be it from me to discount or under-rate the great effort that is being made in the West to kill the war-spirit. Mine is merely a word of caution as from a fellow seeker who has been striving in his own humble manner after the same thing, maybe in a different way, no doubt on a much smaller scale. But if the experiment demonstrably succeeds on the smaller field and, if those who are working on the larger field have not overtaken me, it will at least pave the way for a similar experiment on a large field.

I observe in the limited field in which I find myself that unless I can reach the hearts of men and women, I am able to do nothing. I observe further that so long as the spirit of hate persists in some shape or other, it is impossible to establish peace or to gain our freedom by peaceful effort. We cannot love one another, if we hate Englishmen. We cannot love the Japanese and hate Englishmen. We must either let the law of love rule us through and through or not at all. Love among ourselves based on hatred or others breaks down under the slightest pressure. The fact is, such love is never real love. It is an armed peace. And so it will be in this great movement in the West against War. War will only be stopped when the conscience of mankind has become sufficiently elevated to recognize the undisputed supremacy of the Law of Love in all the walks of life. Some say this will never come to pass. I shall retain the faith till the end of my earthly existence that it shall come to pass.

*The World Tomorrow.*

—M. K. GANDHI.

### An Autumn Reverie

The iron creeds have fallen like broken-winged birds at my faltering feet.

Yet there remains a tapestry of hope woven on the loom of harvest time.

Time's ravages have been forgiven and redeemed by the patience of summer's brooding sun and her purifying baptism of rain.

Mother earth has honored my feeble efforts and multiplied them a hundredfold, thus assuring me that no good is lost.

Golden grain, luscious fruit and rainbow-tinted leaves are eloquent oracles proclaiming the many-hued nature of the Eternal.

Spring has kept her promise, summer has fulfilled her vows, and the earth is pregnant with a great faith.

Tears there have been, and so were there mellowing rains; disappointments there have been, and so were there rooting winds; joys there were, and so were lingering sunsets.

Everywhere nature's children are getting drowsy and long for rest that they may live again more gloriously when kissed awake by spring.

And now I see a latticed window in the gold of the western sky, and I know it is the window of prayer for those who feel the mystery of God.

—ARGOW.

# Annie Besant

A Study in Personality

## Part II

It is impossible to understand Mrs. Besant as she is today unless we understand the evolution of her personality as we have tried to outline it in the foregoing. It is necessary for us to remember that the religious instinct was a part of her psychology even as a little child; probably she inherited the bent from her father. It is also necessary for us to realize that the world has been for her a crucible—she has been tested and tried nearly four score years of contact with the bitterest facts in human experience. Civilization has shown her its ugliest side. The untimely death of her father, the unhappiness of her marriage, the separation from her children, the expansion of her sympathies to include the whole of humankind, courts, police, the military, the orthodox Church, the cruelty of the materialistic universe, the long search for what she calls "Home"—mix these elements in the mortar of seventy-nine years; the result is the mind of Annie Besant as we may see it at this moment.

On the afternoon of the day of her arrival in New York, August 25, Mrs. Besant consented to receive the representatives of the American press. Twenty news-hunters, cynical and hardened as only reporters are supposed to be, gathered about her in her room on the seventh floor of the Waldorf Astoria; and for an hour questioned her as though she were a criminal on trial for life or liberty.

Below her as she sat in the corner windows of her apartment moved the traffic of Fifth avenue in long parade. The racket of motor horns and grinding gears rose about her as she talked. We saw in this a symbolic representation of the world of confusion in which she preaches her doctrine of eventual victory over evil, of peace and hope, of love and brotherhood. It was appropriate that she should be speaking from the very center of the machine universe she has rejected but of which even she is part—the market city of the international domain of imperialistic materialism. She was talking above the roar of the machine—the Frankenstein creation that governs our thought as it controls our bodies. She was talking to men and women who are elements of the machine, fetchers and carriers of one of the commodities of machine rule. She was talking to the news-gatherers, the news-purveyors of at least a hundred million people, caught like themselves in the machine; what these millions will think of her and of her message was being manufactured while she talked. In an hour, in two hours, the news-disseminating section of the machine would be grinding out the impression made upon machine minds by her words. The only Mrs. Besant the millions will ever know was being built by these mechanics as they listened. When she said something that they recognized as an integral of their design their pencils raced over their note paper. When she said something they could not use they sat quietly waiting for her to change the subject, for her to get back into step with their own minds—their machine minds.

Yet each of these news-hunters was momentarily free from the grasp of the machine; their real selves—the inner, hidden selves—flashed up into light in response to one thing after another that she said. So it was that the jury of twenty rendered a verdict against Theosophy but in favor of its expositor. They did not understand her doctrine, but privately they sympathized with her; they believed in her essential honesty.

They seemed to grasp the truth that Mrs. Besant is in our world but not entirely of it. She represents in herself the best spirit of a time that is gone—the time of Lincoln and Darwin, of Huxley and Arnold, of Stead and Tolstoy. She represents the era of Charles Dickens and Charles Kingsley; their humanitarianism is in her heart, it is reflected in her bearing and in her manners. There is a certain grace in her confirmed revolt against the machine that is somehow absent in most of ours. This quality—call it mannerliness, if you will—is perhaps no longer possible—the machine is traveling at a pace that forbids it. But we may still admire this characteristic of another period; it is admirable.

That she is still in revolt is another impression we obtained "at first sight." She does not conform. She does not want to "fit into" the machine; it is a conscious as well as an unconscious thing with her to be "different'; she is "different"—strikingly so.

And this "difference" is part of her charm. She is not like other people; somehow we are glad of the fact.

Physically, she is a little woman, short, stocky, but not stout, rather broad of back, with a large head—a fine head—crowned with close cropped silver hair. Her hands and feet are small; occasionally her hands flutter, bird-like; she has a trick of holding her temple with two fingers when in deep thought. Her eyes are blue—soft, kindly, tolerant eyes; there is no deception behind them. Whatever Mrs. Besant now believes is real to her; she is genuine. We wondered how she could accept certain things she said, but that she did accept them we could not doubt—there was no pretence; indeed, there was a sense of assurance in every sentence she uttered—she spoke as one does who really knows.

To many of us the idea of reincarnation is too fatalistic. But presumably it is a corner-stone of Mrs. Besant's faith. The point is that it is her faith. She believes it; she does not pretend. Her eyes are too frank to be the mirrors or the windows of a soul in which cunning or guile has any place.

If there were any conscious fraud in Mrs. Besant the twenty skeptics who gathered about her that rainy afternoon would have probed it to its core. Not one of the twenty was even momentarily converted to Theosophy, but all of them were converted to Mrs. Besant.

We do not have the genius to put into words the miracle this little woman worked among her inquisitors. We cannot say that she did not resist the attack which many of the questions in effect represented, but her resistance was so temperate, so well-mannered, so gentle as to be entirely dis-

arming. One could think, "This woman is deceived," but no one could say, "This woman is deceiving."

There was much in what she said that was almost incomprehensible to all present. None of us had the training necessary for accurate judgment. Many must have thought her "queer." But gradually she built up in our machine minds a kind of tolerance, a kind of friendliness, alien to us—we found ourselves, our real selves, regarding her as she regarded us.

How any normal woman in the Twentieth century could credit the notion of one man's soul passing into another man's body was beyond our powers of understanding; but so obviously sincere, so real, is Mrs. Besant's faith that we sympathized with her without for a moment being aware of any desire to do so. Hers was an entirely personal victory. She did not convince us of the sanity of Theosophy; but she did convince us of her own power, her own honesty, her own beauty of spirit.

Below her the turmoil of the busiest street in the world, about her the jury of news-hunters; she was somehow apart from it all, apart from us all. We listened, at first with ill-suppressed sneers, then with frank confession of disbelief, and finally with tardy but genuine friendliness—in every sense except that of our machine profession.

We seemed to see in Mrs. Besant a Peter Pan type, a child, grown-up, matured; a child, as Coleridge said of De Quincey, who "has been in Hell," a child who has likewise been in Heaven, but still a child—wise as children are, but also as credulous as children are supposed to be. For example, she said something about having been "in a state of High Yogi"—whatever that may signify. But she said it, she uttered these samples of Theosophical jargon, with such a delightful innocence that our laughter died in our throats; any such expression from almost any other evangelist would have been ridiculed without mercy.

This jargon, by the way, is certainly one reason why we have to think of Mrs. Besant as being in our world but not of it. Most of us found it a Chinese Wall through which we could not break. But perhaps we should not make special complaint in this instance; the world is rife with jargons—think of the made-to-order confusion thrust into our ears by the apostles of psychoanalysis!

Mrs. Besant explained to us the purpose of her present appearance in America. She is here to introduce the Brahmana Hindu boy, Jeddu Krishnamurti; she believes that he is to be the "vehicle" of the World Teacher. His message, she says,

> is the existence of a Kingdom of Happiness, into which all are invited to come, of peace between the nations, of life made simple and beautiful, closer to Nature, more friendly, more full of comradeship, of inward poise and dignity and restfulness.

The earth has waited for centuries for this message. "The time of waiting is over. The Teacher has come." Her further purpose is to plead for Indian independence within the commonwealth of the British empire, as suggested above.

She told us that for many years she has been the pupil of "one of the great Rishis, led to Him by Mrs. Blavatsky." She insists that she is "carrying out his directions and (is) utterly devoted to his service and to the service of the hierarchy to which he belongs." It was this master who convinced her that Krishnamurti is to be the mouthpiece of the World Teacher. Since 1909 she has been this young man's guardian; she explained to us how she has protected, educated and mothered him. The lad's own father vainly tried to recover him some years ago; Mrs. Besant related the story of the trial of the case—how once again she appeared in person, defending herself and her ward.

Krishnamurti, she said, is a strict vegetarian; he has never tasted meat, he has never used alcohol or tobacco; he is opposed to violence in all forms, he does not believe in capital punishment, he is a pacifist. He has been shielded from all coarsening influences. He has travelled extensively, is well-read, is fond of the out-of-doors. His favorite modern authors are Shaw, Anatole France and Walt Whitman.

She spoke of the book Krishnamurti wrote as a child, giving evidence for its inspiration.

In response to a direct question, she said that her party had come to America in an expensive suite in one of the finest ocean liners simply because they desired quiet; they would have come in the second-class or even in the third if quiet had been possible there. She denied that Krishnamurti was undemocratic. She also denied that he had been educated at Oxford, as asserted by certain newspapers.

We asked how the title Messiah had come to be applied to Krishnamurti. Her answer was:

> We never use that word; the Messiah, according to tradition, was to come to only one people; Krishnamurti comes to all mankind.

She insisted that Krishnamurti's message was not aristocratic in the sense that it is intended for only a chosen few. He comes to teach brotherly love, peace and happiness; these must be shared.

We asked for her own economic views. "I have been a Socialist since 1884; I have not changed my attitude in any respect," she said. "My later work is a mere extension of that which I began in 1871."

We inquired about Indian independence. She answered:

> As I have told you, I have given a large part of my life to that cause. I have helped to draft a bill for dominion status for India, a bill which will be passed by the Labor Party as soon as it is again in power.

"You do not favor an Indian republic?"

"Republic? No; the Indian people would not understand a republic." A quiet smile moved over her lips, sardonic in its way. We wondered if she was thinking that the American people may not understand our republic.

We asked her opinion of Mahatma Gandhi. She replied,

> He is a very great man, a very good man, a wonderful influence throughout the East. I have differed with him with respect to his Non-Co-operation policy because in my opinion it is impractical—at least in part. You see, after the war and especially after the massacre at Amritsar it was very easy for Indians to hate the British; and Gandhi's campaign promoted this hatred among his people. In my estimation that was a mistake. What we want is love and understanding. Why should the people of the world be divided? Non-Co-operation implies division, of course. It is not consistent with the ideal of world brotherhood. We should work for Co-operation. Gandhi has frequently been inconsistent. For example, he takes a very definite position with respect to materialistic

phases of Western life, but when he travels he uses train and motor car. Again he preaches the return to hand-spinning; but how wasteful that ancient method is—what is to be gained by doing necessary work in the most inefficient and laborious ways? His boycott policy may bring about conditions even more harsh. He is certainly deeply sincere, but we might wish that he would strive to bring East and West together rather than to drive them still further apart. The East has much to give us, but we have much to give the East, too. Neither is completely sufficient unto itself.

We asked her opinion of the present-day Birth Control movement. She did not appear to be thoroughly familiar with developments and events in that field in America in recent years; but she was emphatic in her approval of the campaign led by Margaret Sanger when it had been explained to her.

Respectable people now—quite respectable people—agree that the poor are entitled to information long ago secured to the rich. The House of Lords has passed a resolution to the effect that the dissemination of knowledge on the vital topic should be encouraged.

"Do you consider that fact an indication of progress?"

"Oh, yes; I believe in progress, surely."

Certain questions propounded for her consideration were frankly foolish. One woman reporter especially rendered herself obnoxious with her insistence on "trick queries," but she was by no means the only person present who endeavored to trap Mrs. Besant into the expression of an opinion that might later be used against her. The veteran of a score of social wars was well able to protect herself in all these instances. One question was: "Were you Hypatia in a former incarnation?" Mrs. Besant smiled, "I'm sure I don't know." Many questions contained Scripture quotations—the inquisitors seeking a comparison of Christ with Krishnamurti. "You need not quote the Bible to me," was Mrs. Besant's reply. "I have read it six times."

Sometimes she failed to understand what we said; she is slightly deaf—and, strange as it may seem, this handicap, if such it is, really adds to her charm.

Little people are rarely impressive, but Mrs. Besant is undeniably so. There is an air about her, something difficult to describe. It is the outward expression, probably, of an inner power. She seems to be at peace, entirely so; she has mastered life to her own satisfaction. She rules herself; she might easily rule others. A critic has said that she hypnotizes certain persons, Krishnamurti for example. No, it is more than that; it is more than a trick; it is a spiritual vitality powerful enough to be felt wherever its possessor goes. Bernard Shaw has declared that she is one of the greatest living orators; certainly she has the genius to inspire audiences; she did not inspire us, necessarily, but she made us respect her; perhaps we might say that she made us love her.

There is something pathetic about her, too; a childlike pathos is in her eyes and in the lines of her face. It is so plain that she has suffered; the scars are visible. We felt ashamed that society had punished her for her rebellion.

It will bear repetition that she is a rebel, that she has always been in revolt. Her Socialism represents revolt against materialism; her pacifism is revolt against war; her Theosophy is revolt against orthodox Christianity; her position with respect to Birth Control is revolt against the wastefulness and cruelty of nature. In all these phases of her labors she has revolted against the machine.

She has paid the price, but there is a divine justice about her reward. Her suffering has strengthened and uplifted her. The system has doubled or trebled the power of its enemy. She has profited by her experience; she has developed a technique of rebellion, of nonconformity, of independence. She is today a conscious woman, controlling her life with an art that is rare beyond all telling.

We do not pretend to understand Theosophy; we know little about it. But whatever its qualities, whatever its faults, it is a source of beauty and truth and power in the hands and heart of this remarkable woman.

After the news-hunters had trooped away to inspect other celebrities, we waited for a personal word. She was very kind; she thanked us for our own particular questions; we showed her John Haynes Holme's copy of her "Autobiography" and asked her to autograph it; she graciously obliged.

Long before these lines are written the news-hunters have broadcasted the machine's judgment of Mrs. Besant and of Krishnamurti. The thing we call "the public mind" has been shaped in one way or another. Nothing we can say will influence the news-reading masses. But we deem it our duty to record that however much we may disagree with Mrs. Besant on the subject nearest to her heart, we cannot fail to be conscious of her tremendous significance as a personality and a power in our disordered world.

She stands in the foremost rank of those who work for world peace. She has been an influence for harmony and love in a time when war and hate have run riot among nations.

She stands for knowledge as opposed to ignorance. As a great teacher she has claim to our applause. She brought back to India an understanding of her people's ancient grandeur. She liberalized the British mind in company with the intellectual giants of her day. She has travelled the globe as a missionary of freedom.

She represents the humane ideal—life without violence.

We came away with the thought that simplicity is majesty, that love is law, that progress is inevitable, that dreams come true, that the search for truth and the passion for beauty will be sacred things. Man's victory over circumstance, man's victory over himself, over his Frankenstein, is sure. It is foreshadowed by master spirits, by gentle and generous souls, like Annie Besant.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

---

## Seaside Musings

The ocean dreams, and I beside it dream.
A mystic web of fancies weird I weave,
Inspired by fruitful nature, I believe;
The thoughts that through my throbbing being stream
Are roused by every glowing sight and sound
That all about me lavishly abound.
I listen and, in wonder, I behold
The glory that has never yet been told.

Above me fleecy clouds in beauty float,
Before me glides a little white-sailed boat;
United now seem earth and air and sky,
While myriad voices croon a lullaby.
I know not, ask not, what there more may be;
I only know that life seems good to me.

AUBURTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

# Correspondence

### The Liquor Situation in Canada—The Facts!

Editor of UNITY:

As a part of its consistent policy of publishing special articles and information on subjects of public interest, the *Christian Science Monitor* is printing almost daily articles and correspondence in regard to prohibition and law enforcement, in addition to its regular news and features of interest to the whole family.

As a result of the insistence of the "wets" in the United States that the system of liquor control in certain Canadian provinces is a success, the *Christian Science Monitor* sent a staff correspondent over the border to investigate the system, its operation, and the conditions which it produced. His study was exhaustive and designed to test the strength of the arguments of the wets that governmen control of liquor would wipe out bootlegging, reduce drunkenness, aid business through increased government revenue, and prevent a return of the saloon.

The summary of these investigations appeared in the Monitor recently in a series of fifteen articles spread over a period of more than two weeks and proved intensely interesting to the friends of prohibition and law enforcement. Many requests were received to have the articles reprinted in pamphlet form and this has now been done.

In the hope that these articles in condensed form may aid in defeating the insistent propaganda with which the wets are flooding the country, this committee will be glad to send you or your friends copies of this pamphlet which is published under the title, "Quebec Liquor Control System Proves Failure." Requests giving correct addresses may be sent to our office and will receive prompt attention.

342 *Madison Avenue,* MARIE J. ADAMS,
*New York City.* Secretary.

### Daugherty, Newberry, and Now

Editor of UNITY:

The most startling and the most mournful thing in the Daugherty trial, just ended in the jury's disagreement, was the statement by Mr. Steuer, Mr. Daugherty's lawyer, in his defense of the ex-attorney general, of the reason why Mr. Daugherty burned his bank records. The government's charge was that the records would prove him a conspirator and receiver of a large bribe in the American Metal case. Daugherty admitted burning the ledger sheets recording his accounts in his brother's bank. This was, his attorney said, "in a moment of madness"; but the reason was not because the records would reveal any personal dishonesty, but "to destroy records of the Harding campaign fund." He wanted to "flout" the men who "wanted to peek at the records of the political funds he had raised and managed," and so he threw the papers into the fire.

It will seem to most sane and patriotic men that Mr. Daugherty in his "madness" seized the worst horn of the dilemma. To save himself from possible personal reproach, he destroyed the evidence of what he must have felt to be a gross public shame. It is the last and worst witness yet to the shameful use of great sums of money in our political campaigns.

It is not yet half a dozen years since the outcome of the notorious Newberry case in the Senate. The sum involved in that case was $195,000, a bagatelle from the standpoint of 1926. Yet when it was revealed, the revolt of the political morality of the nation was such that Senator Newberry felt compelled to declare that the money was raised by his friends entirely without his knowledge. "With the acquisition, solicitation, collection and use of that money I had nothing whatever to do." When he learned of the extent of the funds he said, "I was filled with astonishment and regret." No politician at Washington and few men in the country believed this; and the people shuddered when 46 senators, just enough, voted for his admission.

The Senate salved its conscience by adopting a pious resolution: "The expenditure of such a sum in behalf of a candidate, either with or without his knowledge and consent, being contrary to sound public policy, harmful to the honor and dignity of the Senate, and dangerous to the perpetuity of free government, such excessive expenditures are hereby severely condemned and disapproved."

That outcry over $195,000, half a dozen years ago, spent for a Senatorial candidate who vehemently disclaimed any knowledge of the raising of the money! If he had confessed that he contributed $195,000 himself, and if the whole campaign fund had run into millions, we cannot imagine the senators voting to seat Mr. Newberry. The Republican senatorial campaign funds in Illinois and Pennsylvania this year were ten times as great as the Newberry campaign fund. The personal contributions of Mr. Smith and Mr. Vare were ten times as great as any of which Mr. Newberry was ever suspected. The personal contributions, not nervously denied but openly avowed, of their chief Republican competitors, Senator McKinley and Senator Pepper, were staggering amounts. Neither of the two successful candidates can for a moment be pronounced of senatorial size; neither of them is the equal in ability or service even of Mr. Newberry.

What some of us want to know is what senatorial candidates—Mr. Butler, Mr. Coolidge's friend, for example—think about it. How will they vote on the admission of Mr. Smith and Mr. Vare to the Senate? Do they agree with the Senate of half a dozen years ago that these great campaign funds, ten times greater now than then, are "contrary to sound public policy and dangerous to the perpetuity of a free government?"

It is serious questions such as these that serious people want to have discussed at this hour. Our democracy is menaced. Writers in the magazines, we read, are chanting its "requiem." They are premature. Democracy is just rolling up its sleeves. But democracy is always menaced when money is in the saddle. And our republic is not doing its international duty; such seems to be the united judgment of the outside world, not unfriendly but needy and honest. That is primarily determined by the Senate. The people want to know what their Senators and candidates for the Senate have to say on the matters of real moment. It is so in my own Massachusetts, where I belong. It is so in every state where men are voting and thinking.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

### "Yield With Love"

Editor of UNITY:

Regarding the article (July 12) by Zona Gale, "Wanted, a new word for non-resistance," the words have been suggested, "polarity," September 13, and "brotherize," October 4.

Following the ideas and requirements of Zona Gale throughout the article, I submit the word "yield with love," or, if I may form a new verb, to "loveyield" (similar to the noun lovecall, which I believe can also be used as a verb). "Non-resistance" would then be expressed by the noun, also adjective, "yielding with love," or "loveyielding" (similar to the words lovemaking, loveinspiring). A "yielder with love" or "loveyielder" would designate the non-resistant.

Now, the word yield has two principal meanings: one, to give way, not to resist, and the other to give something to return (especially something good). Thus the word "loveyield" or "yield with love" answers the requirements made by Zona Gale.

In a long article where the word loveyield would often occur, or in a speech, the simple and brief word *yield* (yielding, yielder) could be used alone, after its meaning is clear to the reader or hearer.

I will further apply "yield" to Zona Gale's article:

The first quotation of Jesus cited would read: ". . . but I say unto you that ye yield with love one who doth thee evil," and the word yield would also apply to the second quotation of Jesus, in the sense that Zona Gale desires it: ". . . And if any man shall sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. . . ." The word loveyield or yield with love covers the idea in the paragraph following the second quotation of Jesus and brings out the word *love* on which Zona Gale lays stress.

In the last three paragraphs Zona Gale amplifies her previous ideas, stating that the new word should not merely express a passion, negative non-resistance or (Christian) resignation against force, but the working of an inner (Holy) spirit, or positive spiritual energy of love which will *do* good to the injurer.

I believe the new word submitted above, yields to Zona Gale's thought and wishes.

C. G. ARNOLD.

*Los Angeles, Cal.*

## The Field

*"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

PLATFORM
of the
**COMMONWEALTH LAND PARTY**

(Adopted at its National Convention held in New York City, February 9, 1924)

*WE, THE COMMONWEALTH LAND PARTY*, formerly the Single Tax Party, in National Convention assembled, reaffirming the principles enunciated in the platform of the Single Tax Party at their National Convention at Chicago in 1920, declare:

That the Earth is the Birthright of All Mankind and that All have an Equal and Unalienable Right to its Use.

That man's need for land is expressed by the rent of land; that land rent results from the presence and productive activities of the people; that it arises as the result of natural law, and that it therefore should be taken to defray public expenses.

That the earth is not now free to the use of all the people; that it has become the private property of a few; that this private ownership of the Earth enables the owners of land to take for private purposes the Rent of Land, which is created by the community and which therefore belongs to the community.

That the rightful ownership of all wealth rests on the production of such wealth; that no such justification of ownership enters into the ownership of land, as the Earth is not a product of labor; that therefore the appropriation of the Rent of Land for private purposes is robbery of the community, is in violation of man's natural rights, is without moral sanction, and is no less iniquitous because sanctioned by law.

That as a result of permitting land owners to take for private purposes the Rent of Land, which belongs to the community, it becomes necessary to impose the burdens of taxation on the products of labor and industry, which are the rightful property of individuals, and to which the government has no moral right.

That the Rent of Land, always sufficient to defray all the legitimate expenses of government, if taken for public purposes in place of all taxes, will provide a surplus available for public improvements, public benefits and human welfare, on a scale hitherto undreamed of.

That there is therefore no justification for taxing business, industry, labor or thrift, and that such taxes merely burden industry, breed evasions and dishonesty, drive wealth into hiding places, divert capital from production, increase the price of commodities and raise the cost of living.

That the Private Ownership of Land is a denial of man's right to the Earth; that it restricts the conditions under which the landless must produce; that it therefore lessens the return for their efforts and compels the employment of the entire time and energy of the great mass of mankind to obtain a mere subsistence.

That the struggle for existence is not fundamentally a struggle between capital on one hand and labor on the other, but between capital and labor on the one hand and land monopoly on the other. That capital and labor are the joint producers of all wealth; that together they are entitled to all wealth, and that they are both robbed of their production by their common enemy, the land-owning, franchise-holding few who, through their monopoly of the Earth and its natural resources, exact from both labor and capital, and without any return to either, the first fruits of all their efforts.

That because of private appropriation of the Rent of Land and the resultant denial to the people of the use of the land, save at exhorbitant prices due to the consequent speculation in land values, production of wealth is everywhere curtailed and an unfair and unnatural competition for existence arises, which in every field of labor and effort turns man against man.

That all evils arising out of our unjust economic system, such as business depressions, hard times, unemployment, poverty and the fear of poverty, bad housing conditions, and the crime, vice and diseases due to these conditions, are the result of the Private Ownership of the Earth and the appropriation of its products by the few.

That these conditions are becoming daily more intensified; that relentlessly the cost of living pursues the slender purse and robs industry of its toil; that the unnatural and unequal struggle between the landless on the one hand and the private ownership and monopoly of the Earth and its natural resources on the other, is strangling both the producer and the consumer.

That out of the false foundations upon which our economic structure rests, false ideas of life arise; among which are the theory that taxes should be levied according to ability to pay or on the evidences of industry and thrift (a false doctrine that is taught even in our colleges), that it is proper to take wealth by taxation from those who have it merely because they have it, that tariffs and subsidies are justifiable, and that oil, coal and mineral resources and the land values involved in public franchises are the proper objects of plunder to be exploited by the mighty; that as a result of these beliefs greedy parasites attack the public treasury through legislative channels, and men and nations vie with each other to appropriate to themselves and for their private purposes, the gifts intended for all and the benefits of which should be shared by all.

That any attempt to adjust the glaring and evident inequalities and injustices of our present economic system by the taxing of incomes is a fallacy, is communistic in principle and must remain wholly ineffective to rectify such inequalities, as it leaves undisturbed the source from which all unjustly obtained incomes are derived; whereas the collection of the Rent of Land for public purposes, wherever it appears or whatever its nature, would stop unearned incomes at their source and would at the same time protect all honestly acquired wealth and hold it secure against confiscation through taxation.

That the violation of natural law cannot go unpunished; that the diversion of the Rent of Land into private pockets and away from public use is a violation of natural law ,and that the evils arising out of our unjust economic system are the penalties that follow such violation as effect follows cause.

That none of the other political parties, Republican, Democratic or Socialist, appears as the opponent of unearned wealth or incomes obtained from land ownership, which is the foundation of monopoly, nor as the defender of wealth honestly acquired from labor, industry, enterprise, talent or invention.

*WE THEREFORE DEMAND that the full Rent of Land be collected by the government in place of all direct and indirect taxes and that all buildings, machinery, implements and improvements on land, all industry, thrift and enterprise, all wages, salaries, incomes and every product of labor or intellect, be entirely exempt from taxation.*

Furthermore, we pledge ourselves to formulate into law such measures as will make effective these demands, to the end that the cause of all economic evils will be forever abolished and economic freedom for all be forever assured.

### Argument

Taking the full rent of land for public purposes insures the fullest and best use of all land. In cities this would mean more homes and more places to do business and therefore lower rents. In rural communities it would mean the freedom of the farmer from land mortages and would guarantee him full possession of his entire product at a small land rental to the government without the payment of any taxes. It would prevent the holding of mines idle for the purpose of monopoly and would immensely increase the production and therefore greatly lower the price of mine products.

Land can be used only by the employment of labor. Putting land to its fullest and best use would create an unlimited demand for labor. With an unlimited demand for labor, the job would seek the man, not the man seek the job, and labor would receive its full share of the product.

All labor and industry depend basically on land, and only in the measure that land is attainable can labor and industry be prosperous. The taking of the full Rent of Land for public purposes would put and keep all land forever in use to the fullest extent of the people's needs, and so would insure real and permanent prosperity for all.

As a result of the increased production that would follow the freeing of the Earth to the use of man, there would be more food, more clothing and more shelter. But normal man needs more than these, and as all will then be prosperous and able to satisfy their wants, men's efforts would naturally turn to acquiring comforts, education, recreation and those things which are now considered luxuries.

The freeing from taxation of all buildings, machinery, implements and improvements on land, all industry, thrift and enterprise, all wages, salaries, incomes and every product of labor and intellect, will encourage men to build and to produce, will reward them for their efforts to improve the land, to produce wealth and to render the services that the people need, instead of penalizing them for these efforts as taxation does now.

It will put an end to legalized robbery by the government which now pries into men's private affairs and exacts fines and penalties in the shape of tolls and

taxes on every evidence of man's industry and thrift.

If the full Rent of Land were taken for public expenses, the sum now taken for Federal, State and local taxes, amounting approximately to $7,500,000,000 annually, would for the most part remain in the possession of the people, as would also the value of the then enormously increased production (many times that amount), and together these would provide the increased return to labor and to industry.

With real and permanent prosperity assured to all and unearned fortunes denied to all, the evils due to the present unjust economic system would disappear. Man would then express the better and higher qualities within him.

War and strife, now and always due to economic maladjustment, would disappear with the elimination of Private Ownership of Land which has ever been the cause of all the world's economic troubles.

*Out of the darkness of the past, the mate of the bludgeon and the spear, a product of the power of might and the rule of the sword, born of greed, nutured by robbery and murder throughout the ages, and carrying ever in its wake the ravaging and plunder of the people, the devastation of their countries and the impoverishment of the race, comes the Private Ownership of Land—the fount of all evils, the destroyer of mankind.*

No structure built in violation of natural law can stand; civilization built in such violation must fall; other civilizations have gone down; the foundations of this civilization are crumbling.

*If civilization is to live, private ownership of land must go. If private ownership of land continues, this civilization is doomed.*

Headquarters, 3 East 14th St., New York.


## *Notice to Special Subscribers*

**If you took a special subscription to**

**UNITY**

**last April**

**Your Renewal Is Now Past Due**

Don't miss receiving the next 52 issues. Gandhi's Autobiography will run for many months to come. Pin your check to this slip, sign it and send it to THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find $3.00 to pay for my renewal to UNITY for one year.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

## The Community Pulpit

**1926-1927**

## Twenty Printed Sermons

By John Haynes Holmes and John Herman Randall

As preached in The Community Church of New York.

$2, postpaid, for the series.

You are cordially invited to subscribe.

Address:

THE SECRETARY

**THE COMMUNITY CHURCH**

**12 Park Avenue, New York City**

**It's a "Case" of Necessity**

**Your Printing will be above criticism if done by**

**THE OAKLAND PRESS**

**3913 Cottage Grove**

**Tel. Atlantic 1876**

**OCTOBER**

Marks the possibility of real savings in Autumn and Winter wardrobes. For through the use of this Service many previously worn garments—of men, women and children—may be recovered to further usefulness and good appearance. Fine equipment, experience and skill combine towards making our cleansing so dependable.

*Schumann & Co*

*Cleaners Dyers*

**PHONE DREXEL 6231 ALL DEPARTMENTS**

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS

*3960 Cottage Grove Avenue*

28

## *DREXEL State Bank*

**Cottage Grove Ave. and Oakwood Blvd.**

Thirty-two years of conservative banking, combined with service and courtesy for every depositor —large or small—is the record of this bank . . . . . .

***Your savings and checking account cordially invited***

***Resources Six and one-half Million Dollars***

**Your health, and the health of your entire family will be benefited by a daily glass of**

**Bowman DAIRY COMPANY Milk!**

**Phone Oakland 489** **JANITORS' SUPPLIES**

**Everything in HARDWARE**

**AT**

**PORTER'S**

**4236 Cottage Grove Ave.**